

THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

AND FARMERS, MECHANICS, AND MANUFACTURERS' ADVOCATE.

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THE BELMONT CHRONICLE

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BY B. R. COWEN.

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the attention of the editor.

POETRY.

MORE LIGHT!

[It is rarely we meet with so much passion
and fervor in a poem as in this very sweet
religious lyric. The last utterance of the
great GOSWAMI, "More Light!" and these
lines are an echo of his words.]—Register.
More light, Oh God, for round my weary soul,
The darkness clouds and the lonely night;
Solace and aid, O God, on—Poor, fruitless goal
Of youth's high hopes, sweet dreams, and prom-
ise bright—
And so my heart breathes aye its earnest cry
To thee, O God, the merciful and high.
More light, more light! my dim uncertain gaze,
The evil from the good can scarce discern;
Perplexed and fearful in life's weary maze,
Like a poor frightened child, my soul doth yearn
All safe to lie upon the father's breast.
In the sweet land of light and love and rest!
More light, more light! Sweet light of human love
Kindled by angel fingers pure as they,
A kindred blessedness to that above,
Earth yet might know, but thou fadest away.
And shining forth through the lapse of years,
Still fainter growing, yet out in tears.
More light, more light! my Savior, still I cry,
Longing for the sweet day of promised grace,
When the whole earth shall be glad, and all
All flooded in the light from thy dear face:
Into my soul blessed fullness pour,
And there thy smile for ever more!

MISCELLANEOUS.

COURAGE OF A MAN OF PRINCIPLE.

(CONCLUDED.)

Not precisely a cruise either, for after
touching at Cape Coast Castle, we made a
direct stretch, the wind favoring, right across
the Gulf of Guinea, to a part of the coast
not very far northward of San Felipe de
Benguela, and at about 11 degrees of south
latitude, and the same of east longitude.—
Thereabout, we lay off and on for more than
a fortnight, and like *Sister Ann*, for a time,
the more eagerly we looked the less likeli-
hood there seemed of any thing coming—
except, indeed, an extra allowance of fever
and ophthalmia, from so closely hugging the
shore. It was rumored among us, that a great
slave hunt had taken place in the vicinity,
by one of the chiefs of Negro banditti, who
have the ludicrous impudence to parody the
style and titles of "kings" and that a well-
known Portuguese trader in black live stock,
of the name of Jose Pasco, had a temporary
barracon somewhere thereabout, crammed
with the wretched victims of the said hunt,
in readiness for embarkation; and that for
the purpose of entrapping some of his ven-
tures, we should have to watch, and back
fill about the mouth of the two rivers, be-
hind which we were generally to be found,
for an indefinite period. Meanwhile, the
kind of moral quarantine that had existed
between Captain Horton and his chief
officers since the evening of the duel—words
only of business and necessity passing be-
tween them—continued with unabated pas-
sive violence on the part of the latter, notwith-
standing that the commander showed many
indications that he would be glad to let by-
gones be bygones, from no mean or unworthy
motives, I was even then of opinion, of pur-
chasing forbearance toward a defect of char-
acter, which, in a naval officer, he must
have well known, no other virtues under the
sun, however numerous or angelic, could ex-
cuse or cause for one moment to be tolerated,
but simply on the principle of forgiveness of
injuries. One chance of avoiding the scandal
of an official inquiry still remained. The
service we were upon would very probably
terminate in a desperate boat affair—victorious,
of course, but vindication of Captain Horton's
damaged reputation for personal bravery in
the eyes of his officers and crew; and
very honestly did I hope he might success-
fully avail himself of it when it came. It was
not long before all doubt on the matter was
set at rest. A king's troop-ship, bound for
the Cape, which had touched for some pur-
pose at Cape Coast Castle, spoke and com-
municated with us one afternoon, & a packet,
"on service," was delivered to Captain Hor-
ton.
Orders were immediately afterward
issued to sail in the direction of the most
southerly of the two rivers, to hug the shore
still closer, and that every thing should, in
the mean time, be prepared for a boat attack.
This was done with a will. Sharp cutlasses
were resharpened to a keener edge, glass
pistols reloaded, and doubtful flints replaced
by more reliable ones, and, finally, Lieuten-
ant King reported that every thing was in
readiness. Night was by this time drawing
on, and not a very clear one; we had shoaled
our water quite as much as prudence permit-
ted, and were close by the mouth of the most
southerly of the rivers. Captain Horton or-
dered that the sloop should lie to, and that
his gig, manned and armed, should be got
immediately ready. He had frequently
omitted to state—gone on shore at about
the same hour to reconnoitre, we supposed—
hitherto without success—and we rightly
concluded that his present purpose was the
same. He came on deck a few minutes after
the last order had been given, and addressing
the first lieutenant, said, "I am about to leave
you, sir, in command of the sloop. You will

keep her as nearly as may be where she is
until I return. It will probably be necessary
to act with all boats, and you had better,
therefore, get them alongside, ready, manned
and armed, so that when the decisive moment
comes, there may be no delay. He then went
over the side, was rowed ashore, and there
was light enough to see he proceeded inland,
accompanied by his coxswain only according
to his previous custom. I rather fancy that
a doubt whether he might not have mistaken
his man, had already crossed even Lieuten-
ant King's bitterly-prejudiced mind.

Hour after hour passed; the boats lay heaving
upon the water, and impatience was fast
changing into anxiety, when the quick, re-
gular, man-of-war's jerk of oars was heard,
and, in a few moments, the gig was along-
side without the captain and coxswain. "A
letter from Captain Horton for the first lieuten-
ant," said the stroke oarsman, "brought
us by a multo chap, with orders to deliver
it immediately." Lieutenant King snatched
the letter, tore it open, and stepped to the
binnacle-lamp to peruse it. But it is neces-
sary that I should, before giving its contents,
relate what had previously occurred to the
writer, as it came subsequently to our knowl-
edge:

Captain Horton and his coxswain had pro-
ceeded cautiously inland along the margin of
the river for about a mile, when they were
suddenly pounced upon by a large party—
coarsely armed, bound, and hurried away in
separate directions. The commander's cap-
tains halted with him at last at a kind of hut,
in which he found the before-named Jose
Pasco, with a number of other ruffians as
desperate and savage as himself, engaged, it
seemed, in council. Near the hut—for no
concealment was affected—he observed an
immense wooden frame covered with tarred
canvas—a monster tent, in fact, filled with
captured negroes; and in the river, just op-
posite, was an armed clipper-boat, also full
as it could cramp of the same living cargo. A
shout of ferocious delight greeted the cap-
tain's entrance into the hut, and then Pasco
commanded that he should be unbound. What
then occurred, I abbreviate from the evidence
afterward given before the mixed commission
by the multo who delivered the captain's
letter to the men in the gig, and that of Juan
Paloz, an admitted witness for the captors:
"It's lucky we've caught you, Captain Hor-
ton!" said Pasco, instead of you us. That
accursed vessel of yours has been brought,
we find, off the mouth of the river. She
must remove further away; for we intend that
the brig you have seen shall sail to-night."

Captain Horton, who was very pale, the
witnesses deposed, but calm and firm, did not
answer, and Pasco continued:
"We intend that you shall immediately
write an order to the officer left in command
of the *Curlew*, directing him—a plausible
reason can be easily given—to instantly weigh
and proceed to a point about a league north-
ward, where you can meet him, you know."

"And what is the penalty, if I refuse?"
"Death!" was the savage response from
half-a-dozen voices. "Death!" echoed Pasco,
"as certainly as that you are now a living man,
and—I was at Sierra Leone a short time
since—that you wish to remain one."

Captain Horton was silent for a brief space
and then said: "Give me pen and paper,
since it must needs be so." This was done;
the captain took the pen in his hand, set
down, made one or two strokes, and said,
with an expression of pain: "Your cords
have so hurt my wrists and fingers that I can
hardly hold the pen; let some one of you
write as I shall dictate. My seal will be
sufficient authentication; besides, the officer
will imagine my coxswain wrote it."

"You must write yourself," said Pasco; "no
one here knows English."

"Hut! well, then, I suppose I must try, and
manage it myself." The letter was written,
folded, sealed, and directed.

A muttered conference next took place be-
tween the slave-dealing ruffians, at the end
of which Pasco said, "Let us well understand
each other, Captain Horton. You no doubt
have heard that whatever else I may be I
always keep my promise, whether for good
or evil?"
"That is, I know, your character."

"Then listen to me. Should the *Curlew*
not remove northward, in obedience to this
letter, you shall be shot, as certainly as that
there are niggers worth ten thousand dollars
in yonder brig; and should—yet no, you are
not a man to play such a trick as that—
still, should we be attacked in consequence
of this letter, you shall be lashed to the top
of yonder barracon, and burnt alive in the
very presence of your infernal countrymen.

This I swear, by all the saints in heaven and
devils in hell!"

The multo said the English captain looked
paler than before, but answered quietly,
"I quite understand."
The letter written under the foregoing
circumstances, which I left Lieutenant King
reading by the binnacle light, ran thus—
"Captain Horton directs Lieutenant King to
take the command of the *Curlew's* boats im-
mediately on receipt of this note, and ascend
the river in his front for Captain H. calcu-
lates, about six miles, where he will find an
immense barracon on the shore, where
Lieutenant King will prevent being driven
away inland. The resistance will be, no
doubt, desperate, but Captain H. feels quite
satisfied that, under Lieutenant King, the
attack will be prompt, daring, and, with the
blessing of God, crowned with success." In-
stantly that he had finished the hasty perusal
of this note, Lieutenant King seized and
belted his pistols, jumped into the pinnace,
and we were off—about a hundred men in all
—in a jiffy. The oars were muffled, and the
profoundest silence was enforced, in the hope
of at least nearing the enemy unobserved.—
For something more than a league this ap-
peared likely to be the case, but when about
that far on our way, a confused tumult of
voices began to spring up along the left bank
of the river, followed by a dropping fire of
musketry, obliging us to keep the centre of

the channel, as it would have been folly to
have wasted time in returning it. The
tumult of discordant noises—shouting, thiek-
ing, musket and pistol firing, roars of brutal
meritment and deadly defiance—grew louder
and louder as we neared the goal. Presently
flame, at first flickering and uncertain, threw
a lurid glare over the scene, and as we swept
round a bend of the river, burst into a volume
of fire, rendering every object within the
circuit of a mile, I should say, distinctly
visible. But we had no time to note these
objects minutely; a well-armed brig, with
boarding-nettings triced up, opened fire upon
us, though without much effect. She was
boarded and carried with one pealing hurrah!
and leaving Burbage and a sufficient number
of men in charge, Lieutenant King jumped
into the boats again with the others and made
for the left shore, which was lined with a
crowd of variously-accounted rascals. The
flames I have mentioned proceeded from a
blazing canvas-covered building, which was
blazing furiously; and although happening to
be in the hindmost boat, I discerned the
figure of a man, erect and motionless, upon
its summit—how or why there I could not
imagine. The next moment the wind whirled
flame and smoke hid him from my view, and
I heard Lieutenant King's stentorian voice
exclaiming, "Give way, men! give way, for
God's sake, the devils have entrapped the
captain, and are burning him alive! With a
will, now, hurrah!" The boats quickly
grounded, and we sprang on shore, headed by
the first lieutenant. The resistance, desperate
as it was, was broken through and dispersed
with a leap and a rush; and then a sight—
clearly presented itself. Captain Horton,
pale, dry, and calm as death, was standing
boldly, erect, and bare-headed, upon the flam-
ing slave-house, with a book in his hand,
what one I could easily guess. Frantic were
the efforts made to save his life—gratefully
acknowledged by repeated wavings of his
hand—and vain as frantic; the devouring
flames could not be arrested, the building
collapsed, fell in, and Captain Robert Hor-
ton was buried beneath the fiery ruin!

It is needless to say how amply he was
avenged, or dwell further upon the savage
and terrific contest—not long a contest, pro-
perly as called, although the ringing pistol-
shot, the death-shriek, or the wild appeal for
mercy undeserved continued far into the night,
enough to say, in the words of the official
report, "that the attack was entirely success-
ful, the number of negroes released from
bondage eight hundred and seventy-six, and
the breaking-up of the slave settlement com-
plete." This was quite true, but like another
paragraph in the same report, not all the
truth: "Captain Horton died as a brave man
should during the attack upon the armed
slave-gangs on shore." Why the exact
cause and manner of his heroic death were
not officially set forth I never rightly under-
stood.

He was quite dead when dragged, as speedily
as it could be done, from under the burn-
ing embers of the monster slave-tent, and
scorched, yet his countenance had a
remarkably composed expression. His Bible
was also found, not much injured, and, I
believe, now in the possession of the family
of Lieutenant King, who with swimming
eyes pointed out to us, a few days afterward,
in the cabin of the *Curlew*, the following
passage, written with a pencil in the inside
of one of the leaves: "Tuesday, half-past 1
P. M. The *Curlew's* boats are approaching;
thank God I shall die in my duty, and not in
vain. Should this ever meet the eye of her
officers, they will by that time know, that a
man who is afraid of offending God may not
fear Death!"

Scene at the Log School House.
The first pugilistic exhibition I ever wit-
nessed was in front of our school house door,
and strange, indeed, one of the parties was
none other than our precursor. One day, as
we juveniles were pering over old Dilworth,
suddenly our cabin was surrounded by some
fifteen or twenty men. Our teacher was im-
mediately summoned to the field of blood.
Obeyed daunted at such fearful odds, he
obeyed the call, ordering us to attend to our
lessons. The necessary preparations being
made, he entered the ring, and at a signal
given the action commenced. Our hero soon
felled his antagonist to the ground, and, with
a few well directed blows, convinced him that
he had waked up the wrong passenger. The
wounded captain being carried off the field,
our master entered the house and took his
position in the school-room, with as much
composure as if he had just brushed a fly from
his face. Mr. Coulter's pugilistic fame soon
spread abroad, and I think it took him some
time to flog all the bullies in the neigh-
borhood which occasioned a vacation of
school. My organ of secretiveness being
more largely developed than the organ of
combativeness, the reader can imagine one,
closely wedged up in one corner, looking
through a opening between the logs of the
school house. Such, Mr. Editor, were our
school houses and books, and such were our
teachers in the early history of Ohio. A
grammar lesson or the map of the world was
no more thought of in those days, than steam
navigation was by the commercial world.
How far such conduct would be tolerated in
our schools now, I cannot tell; but some re-
cent events that have taken place in some of
our high schools, have led me to believe that
if a Coulter had been in the place of the un-
fortunate Butler, the Wards would have re-
ceived their merited chastisement before re-
volvers could have been brought into requisition.
—Cor. Cin. Gaz.

Querer people for amusement they are in
Greenland. They have a play in which every-
body pulls his neighbor's nose, and the
harder it is drawn upon, the louder the suf-
ferer is expected to laugh. They sit down to
beer's meat and drink a couple quarts of
grease. For fun and luxury, you must walk
up north.

Fell Particulars—Caroline Burned.
We left Memphis on Saturday evening, at
8 P. M., with about 125 passengers in all—
about half in the cabin.

Nothing worthy of note occurred until a-
bout 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon, when 21
miles from the mouth of the White river, the
attention of the Steward was called to the
unusual commotion among the horses, and I
followed him down to see what was the mat-
ter.

When we reached the foot of the stairway
we discovered that the boat was on fire and
the boilers were enveloped in flames. The
horses tails were burning.

Below I give you a statement prepared on
board the St. Nicholas.

Yours, WM. E. ELLIOTT, Clerk.

Incidents of the Disaster, from an Eye-
Witness.

ON BOARD STEAMER ST. NICHOLAS,
March 8th, 1854.

Messrs. Editors:—After near three days
mature reflection and a re-visit to the spot
where the ill-fated Caroline was burned, I set
down to the disagreeable task of giving you
a faint outline of a scene that beggars all
description and sickens the heart to reflect
upon. On Sunday evening last after a pleas-
ant run of 21 hours from our city, about 4
o'clock P. M., the attention of the passengers
were attracted to the stamping and kicking
of the horses on deck opposite the boilers,
when a rush was made by two or three of us
to see the cause, when lo! the boat was dis-
covered to be on fire, the boilers being en-
veloped in flames.

The crew immediately proceeded to work
the pumps, but were driven back instantly by
the flames, when all hopes were gone of sav-
ing her, and then comes the tragedy of the
affair.

A general rush by men, women and chil-
dren, was now made to the forecastle, by the
cabin passengers, to avoid the destruction
that awaited us from the devouring element,
which was gaining ground with the rapidity
of lightning—which at the same time drove
the passengers and crew aft. Soon the yawl
was lowered by the deck hands and sooner it
was followed by dozens of frightened beings,
scorched and devoid of reason by fright.
While this awful scene was going on aft,
every cabin passenger, save one or two, had
gained the forecastle, ready to take the fear-
ful leap, preferring a watery grave to being
burned to death.

About this time poor Trice and Creighton
were seen on the hurricane roof. Trice woke
up Capt. Taylor and ran back to his wheel—
asking Capt. T. what to do. He told him to
run her ashore—which he attempted—but
found that the tiller ropes were burned. About
this time, Capt. Creighton threw a ladder
from the roof, and deliberately went down
astern on the stays, and having gained the
lower guards he deliberately rid himself of
his coat and boots, and after waiting awhile,
swung himself into the water, still hanging
to the guards, and was seen by a member of
the order of Odd Fellows to give the signal
of distress, which the brother answered by
telling him to let go and swim—he having
no earthly means of saving him—having only
a minute before swam to the shore exhausted,
and at that time was assisting Capt. Taylor
to the shore, who was almost exhausted.

This was the last that was seen of poor
Creighton, he having sunk a moment after-
wards. Poor Trice was seen at the wheel
moment before the pilot-house was encom-
passed by flames, and although it is painful
to think it, yet we can but conclude that he
sank down through the cabin, having the
hissing sheets of fire for his shield. Still it
is consoling to think that, though he lost his
own life, he saved one hundred others by
steering the boat ashore; and also, that he
died at his post, still holding on to the wheel.

We shall never see his like again. At
this time could be seen dozens of human be-
ings floundering in the water, having jumped
from the lower deck to avoid being consumed
by fire, all of whom are now lying on the bot-
tom of the limpid White. Not so with those
on the forecastle. So soon as the bow struck
the bank, 51 persons leaped on shore and left
destruction behind them. And after reaching
dry land scampered in every direction to es-
cape the effect of anticipated explosion of
boilers, &c.

Awful were the cries from the wretches
behind, but alas! we could render no assis-
tance, for we had no means in reach; and thus
ended a tragedy which I hope never to see the
like again.

CABIN PASSENGERS MISSING.—Mr. Har-
shaw, of Clarendon, Ark., and Geo. Jones,
clerk of the house of Pools & Co., Jackson-
port.

DECK PASSENGERS LOST.—Wife and child
of J. Haskins, Marshall county, Miss.; four
children of S. McMullin, Madison county,
Tennessee; Mr. Smith, wife, and young lady
with them; Mrs. Haley and three children.
Tippah county, Miss.; John Horton, wife and
two children, Madison county, Tennessee;
Mr. Parrel, Madison county, Tennessee; Mr.
Martin, do.; Miss Susana E. Pool, do.; son of
Mr. Hinchshaw, do.; Mr. —, Shelby county,
son-in-law to Mr. Worthman; Mrs. —,
sister to above widow, and thirteen children;
Miss —, sister to above; eight deck hands.

A. J. Folger, Master, saved; Capt. James
Creighton, Pilot, lost; J. R. TRICE, lost;
Capt. Samuel Taylor, saved; Wm. E. Elliott,
Clerk, saved; John Walker, Mate, saved;
Charles DeWitt, First Engineer, saved; Sam-
uel Landerdale, Second Engineer, saved; R.
Pittman, Fireman, saved; Hildebrand, saved;
Wm. Ewing, Bar-keeper, saved; Louis Pol-
luck, assistant Bar-keeper, lost; eight deck
hands are known to be lost.

The ear and the eye (readers alone should
know) may receive very different impressions
from a written sentence. Thus—what
would you understand to be the meaning of
the following simple lesson in spelling, if it
were aloud to you: "If *united*, you would have
united knock out your *f* and put it in after *t*."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN OF INDIANA ON NEBRASKA.

The following gives the best disposition
we have yet seen of the argument that the
Nebraska Bill proposes to leave the slavery
question entirely with the people. The
speech of Mr. C. was made in Congress on the
13th inst.

Let us now look at the great end which, as
its advocate declares, is to be attained by the
adoption of this measure. There is much ap-
parent sincerity in the zeal with which it is
asserted that by denying the right to the peo-
ple of the Territory to dispose of this whole
question by a government of their own choice,
we make their condition analogous to that of our colonial ances-
tors, and against which they rebelled; and that
this view of the case involves a great prin-
ciple, which every American citizen holds
sacred; and further, that by conferring upon
them this power, we adopt the only practicable
mode of allaying finally and effectually all
further agitation of the slavery question. But,
sir, the idea that this bill confers this right,
even as now amended, is all a delusion; it is
utterly fallacious, from beginning to end.

Mr. Chairman, in answer to all this, I will
now proceed to show, by the other express
provisions of the bill itself, that even if we
adopt this measure, we after all deny these
people almost every attribute of sovereignty,
and multiply the chances for agitation and
excitement a thousand fold.

There are three and only three departments
of Government recognised by our American
Constitution—the Executive, the Judicial, and
the Legislative. In two of these depart-
ments of the Government you propose to
create by this bill, you as effectually deprive
the people of all participation in the appoint-
ment of their officers as you do the very slaves
you send among them. Both the Executive
and Judicial departments you dispose of,
and make the officers (which in the States we
call the servants of the people) the mere
creatures of the Executive power of the United
States, by provisions like the following: The
twelfth section of the bill commences thus:

"And be it further enacted, That the Gov-
ernor, secretary, chief justice, and associate
justice, attorney, and marshal, shall be nomi-
nated, and by and with the advice and consent
of the Senate, appointed by the President of
the United States."

And how is it with the legislative power of
the Territory? It is true you confer upon the
people the mere shadows of sovereignty, in
the election of the members of the Legisla-
tive Assembly, and upon that Assembly the
mere form of legislative power; but then, at
one fell swoop, you deprive both of them of
the very soul and substance of both, and by
subjecting all their acts to the veto of the
Executive, and the determination of the ju-
diary that appointed.

Talk now, will you, of this "being the intent
and meaning of this act, not to legislate sla-
very into any Territory or State, nor to ex-
clude it therefrom, but to leave the people
thereof perfectly free to form and regulate
their domestic institutions in their own way?"
Mockery! was that mockery! And is this
the grand panacea you propose for slavery
agitation? Let us see how it will operate.
Sir, there is no longer any faith in compro-
mise. If by this act we repeal the Missouri
compromise, the Congress which succeeds us
may follow our example and repeal this act.
Then, again, every territorial bill that is in-
troduced will call up a rehearsal of the scenes
now being enacted here. Furthermore,
under the provisions of this bill, this mock
Legislative Assembly will, of course, play
legislation, and try their hand at the adjust-
ment of this question, subject to the veto, not
of Congress, but of the President's viceger-
ent.

Mr. Chairman, there is a worse form of sla-
very than negro slavery. Here the shackles
are riveted upon the mortal body, on whose
perishing exterior the iron, hissing hot, it is
true, burns the word slave.

But the other, more terrible than this, is
the slavery of the soul; where man dare have
no opinions of his own. There the manacles
are thrown around the immortal soul;
and there, too, slave is branded with the more
dreadful stigma of that fire which is not
quenched.—Daily Globe.

FROM THE FARM (MO.) MERCURY OF FEB. 23, 1851.
THE COMPACT OF 1820, SUSTAINED
IN MISSOURI.

FREE NEGROES AND MULATTOS.—A de-
cision on the right of free negroes emigrating
from other States to Missouri was delivered
by the county court of Monroe county at its
last February term, Justices Campbell and
Herdson on the bench. Armstrong, a free ne-
gro, represented to be of good moral charac-
ter, emigrated to this State from Virginia
some three or four years ago, and applied to
the court and obtained a license to reside in
Monroe county, under the provisions of the
statute made and provided. Recently proceed-
ings were commenced in the aforesaid court
for the purpose of revoking the license of
said free negro; alleging, as a cause for revo-
cation, that he had emigrated to this State from
the State of Virginia in violation of the sta-
tute of 1847, which declares that no free ne-
gro or mulatto shall come to this State under
any pretense whatever. A motion was filed
moving the court to dismiss the proceedings,
because the statute of prohibition was un-
constitutional and void; that the statute was
enacted in violation of the solemn compact
entered into with the Congress of the United
States by Missouri upon her admission into
the Union.

The question was elaborately and ably ar-
gued by Jas. Carr and W. J. Howell, Esqs.
Mr. Carr contended that the proceedings
should be sustained and the license revoked,
because the prohibitory statute was constitu-
tional and proper. Major Howell contended
that Missouri was bound by her own solemn
compact and agreement, by which she had
pledged herself never to pass any law pro-
hibiting any citizen of any one of the States

of this Union from emigrating to Missouri
and enjoying all the privileges of citizens of
like class in this State. The court sustained
the motion and dismissed the proceedings,
declaring that the Legislature of this State
had no right to disregard and violate the so-
lemn compact entered into by Missouri in or-
der to be admitted as a State of the American Con-
federacy; and therefore that the act prohibi-
ting free negroes and mulattoes from emigra-
ting to the State was unconstitutional and void.

Is it the Object of the Ohio Statesman to
Defeat the Democratic Party?

Mr. Cox, did the idea ever suggest itself to
you, that it was the duty of a Democratic pa-
per to aid in preserving the harmony of the
party? If not, when you become weary of
abusing Democrats, suppose you reflect upon
the subject. Or, do you consider it more
commendable to throw fire-brands into our
ranks, and thus tender the most efficient ser-
vice to the enemies of Democracy? If such
is your opinion, then, Mr. Cox, you should
feel highly gratified, for since you have been
connected with the *Ohio Statesman*, that pa-
per has more seriously prejudiced the Demo-
cratic party than all the *Whig* journals in the
State. Or, perhaps, Mr. Cox, in your pro-
found study of Eastern literature, you learned
that it was highly becoming in a very young
man to slander and traduce those who are
double his age. If such be the case, be con-
siderate enough to remember that we Ohioans
have but simple tastes, and are unlearned in
the mysteries of guide-book literature; and
whether right or not, we have always consid-
ered that respect was due to age and experi-
ence, and that great services and great abili-
ties were more worthy of praise than censure.

But, Mr. Cox, you claim to edit the organ
of the Ohio Democracy—now will you please
inform us, whether it was for this reason that
you attacked the Democratic Administration of
the State? Was it because you edited a
Democratic paper, that you admitted into
your columns vile and malicious attacks
against Governor Medill? Was it because you
edit a paper claiming to be Democratic, that
you have assailed the Democratic Auditor,
and Secretary of State, and Attorney General?

But why did you assail the Democratic State
officers? You answer, because they were in
favor of William Allen for United States
Senator. Did they abuse any other candidate?
Oh, no; for you, Mr. Cox, had created a mon-
opoly of slander, and no one was disposed to
infringe on your right. You first justified
your ferocious and unprovoked attack against
Mr. Allen, by saying that the *Ohio Statesman*,
was determined to defeat his nomination.
Why then continue the attacks, with addi-
tional malice, after the nomination had been
made?

The truth is, Mr. Cox, you either intend to
defeat the Democratic party—if possible—or
else your course is without object, and you
are wholly incompetent for the post you oc-
cupy. If the first be true, then you are alike
unworthy of the confidence or notice of hon-
orable men; but if your errors and blunders
rise from want of capacity—as we are chari-
tably disposed to believe—then we would ad-
vise you, Mr. Cox, to devote your genius to
nursery tales and essays on moon-shine, and
we do not but that, with assiduity and
care, you would become a general favorite
with old ladies and prattling babes. Good
morning to you, Mr. Cox.—Mr. Vernon Dan-
ner.

ADAMS' EXPRESS.—On a certain day of
the year 1839, a man with a carpet-bag might
have been seen (as James would relate the
story) embarking on board the Norwich
steamer for Boston. The man was a Bos-
ton Yankee, ALVIN ADAMS by name; the
carpet-bag contained a few parcels with
which individuals had entrusted him to be de-
livered promptly in the city of his destination;
his capital was in his brains; his reputation
was his personal acquaintance; he was noth-
ing in short but a man with a carpet-bag, or
what is now called an Express Messenger, on
the smallest scale. Faithfulness, integrity,
promptness, and enterprise brought won-
derful things out of that carpet-bag; a richer
treasure than *Fortunatus'* purse, and a more
magical agency than Aladdin's lamp.

The possessor is now, after the lapse of
fifteen years, the head of a house which car-
ries to and fro in its "carpet bag," for the ac-
commodation of the public, an amount of
treasure, in the shape of merchandise, gold
and silver, notes and valuables, not less than
one million of dollars every day, or \$365,000,
000 per annum. Their offices are in every
City or commercial depot from New York to
San Francisco and Australia—not to mention
the Japan office, for which Commodore Perry
has gone to pave the way. Their agents and
assistants number about three hundred. Their
capital is, of course, immense, and the cir-
cumstances of the Gold market of California,
their connection with it as forwarders, and
the extraordinary share of public confidence
earned by their honorable career, have lately
constrained them to act in San Francisco as
Bankers, on a large scale; where they have
just sustained a "run" (occasioned by an ac-
cidental rumor) to the amount of \$500,000
in a manner which has added largely to the
confidence and popularity which they before
enjoyed. Such is one of the features of the
wonderful age in which we live.

A Moment of Terror.
An exciting scene took place at a ball
somewhere last summer. Among the persons
present was a young lady who had a great
horror of snakes, and after dancing a while
she was greatly alarmed by feeling a sensa-
tion, as though a serpent had fixed itself
beneath folds of her dress. Grasping the
head of the monster tightly in her grasp she
screamed aloud for assistance. A hasty
consultation among the calmest of the ladies
was held, when it was determined that Dr.
Tison was present should be called to their
assistance. He was quickly on the spot,
and being a man of uncommon courage